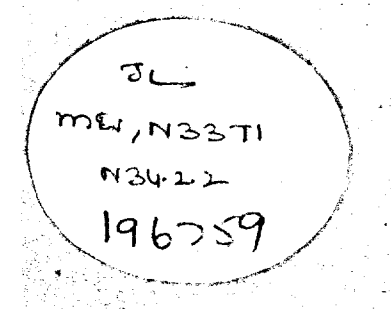


Table 3 Index.
Vol. No. 28 September 1934



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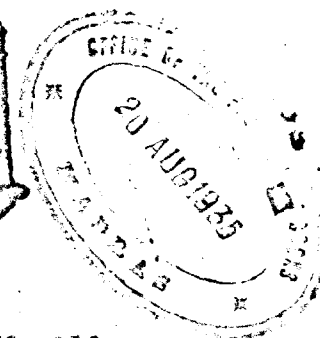
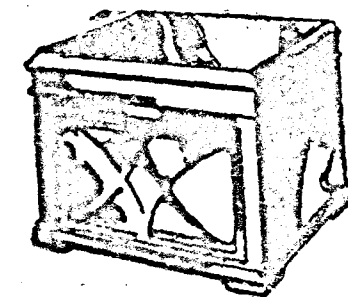


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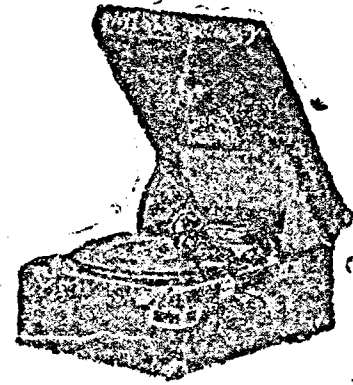
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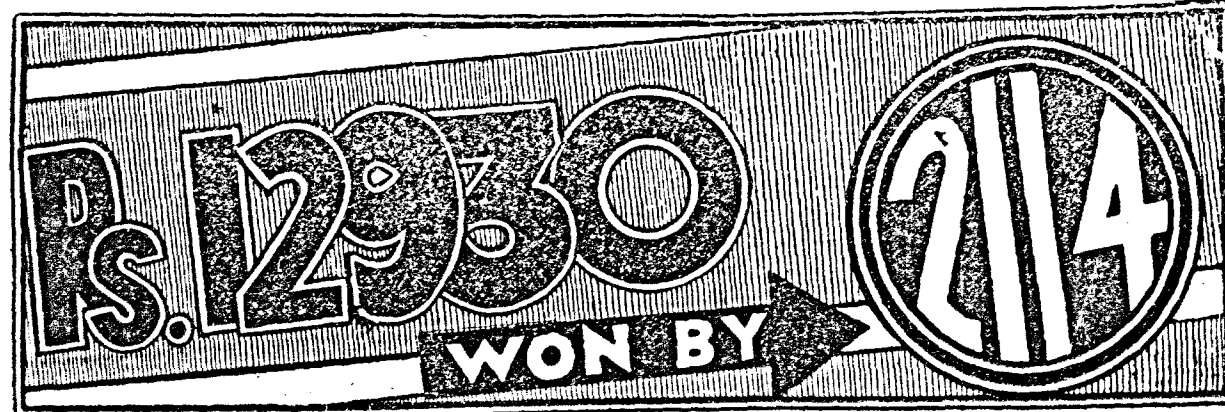
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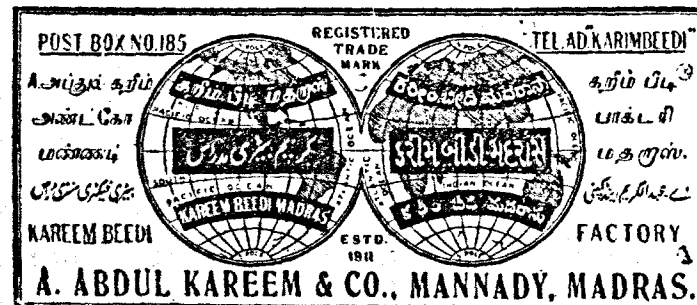
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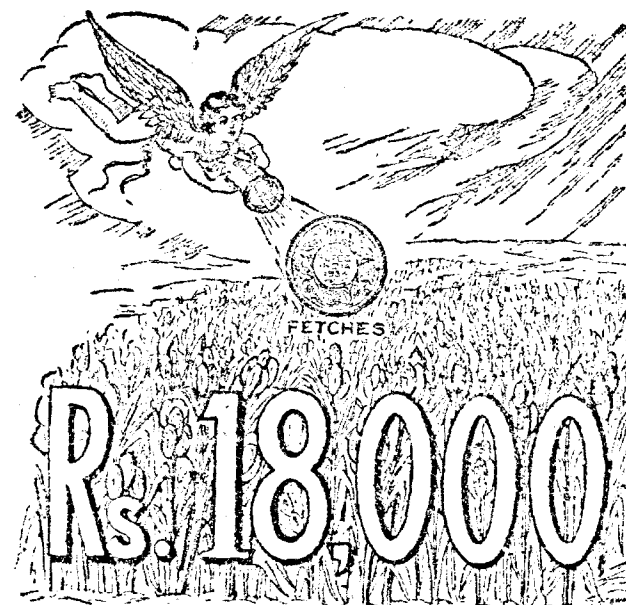
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No. 2.

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"Waiter! Shall I stand on the chair, or can I put the drink on the floor?
Otherwise, I'm afraid I'll have to leave it."

196759

Tremendous

BY J. A.



YESTERDAY as I was glancing through the pages of an illustrated weekly I came across an advertisement the bold headlines of which attracted my attention: "Speak English correctly. Avoid errors in pronunciation." Now, the latter half of this precious advice stirred up my thoughts and struck a rather

harsh chord in my memory. My brain was in a whirl, my mind flew back to bygone days, and antiquarian thought swelled up in heart. Do you want to hear what they were?

Trifles

SPADIGAM

You will be hardly able to digest the fact when I say that I would have all but lost my wife on account of my er-what do you think?—pronunciation. You might laugh at this, yet it is true. Want to hear particulars?

I belong to that well-known species of human beings to be found extensively scattered over every corner of the globe—well, you'd have guessed by now—I certainly mean the pedagogues. I cannot boast of a B. A. behind my name and hence I cannot call myself a lecturer or professor, I am only a teacher in its simplest sense. The year after my training course was over, I was transferred from my quiet village school where I had been the H. M. to an out-of-the-way

rural places, very, very far from my old seat as the first assistant. Now those of you, my readers, who belong to the fraternity of teachers would know the priva-

tions we have to endure attending on our transfers. We are always akin to the rolling stones that gather no moss. At the nod of the authorities we have

to pack down our things and scurry off to some God-forsaken and unheard of place—wherever it is and however much we may dislike the change.



Now I was a bachelor—that was the first cause why I mentally objected to my transfer. 'Where could I live? Who would prepare my bed?' Similar questions were preying upon my mind and causing too much ruffle. Hence to settle up things I paid a flying visit to the place. What I saw there on my arrival quite put the breath out of my lungs. After getting down at the Railway station I had to walk, or to be more appropriate in phrase, to wade through miles

others were natives of the place. I roamed throughout the length and breadth of the land to find a suitable lodging for me, but in vain. At last I had to take recourse to put myself as a boarder in the headmaster's house just as my predecessor did. So, the very next day I came down with all my belongings and occupied a rickety old room in the house.

Now a few words about the H.M. and his family. The former, as I have already stated, was

different channels. The eldest was a Minister, the second a clerk and the youngest was attending college for higher studies.

I had a good time in the house. Simple fare was enough for me. There was no one to meddle with me and mine. I was safe within the four walls of my room, as I thought that no one would probe in. But in this point I was mistaken. When the Christmas holiday approached all the three sons returned to the



Inveterate Gambler: Heads or Tails, Old boy?

and miles of muddy, paddy fields to reach the vicinity of the school. There were a few houses and shops beside the building, besides the headmaster's lodge which was quite close. The headmaster was a Christian old gentleman. I found on enquiry that of the six teachers in the institution only two were Christians—one, the H. M. and the other the master who had just left. The latter had been living as a boarder in the chief's house. All the

nearing sixty. His wife some five or six years his elder was of a corpulent type, offering a marked contrast with the thin, lanky form of her hubby. The two occupied the room as well as a sitting-room. The couple had four children—three sons and a daughter. And the latter only was at home. She was nearing nineteen and was more after her father than her mother. The other three children had run away through

parental roof. All was bustle and the peace of the house was at stake.

The Minister particularly was on very intimate terms with me. Our friendship began in this way. The very next day of his arrival he rushed into my room crying. "Sir, sir, can you oblige me with a little vasline pomade?" I took out my bottle and offered it to him, open. I had only bought a new jar the previous day. With

a rapacious look the young man stuck his left fore-finger deep down into the stuff and drew it out with an extremely satisfied look. Goodness! Gracious! I was thunder struck. The nail of the finger was more than an inch long and shaped like a spoon;

preying eyes and grasping fingers would spare nothing. Even my comb vanished into thin air by the time he had returned to rejoin his duties. What a friend! The other two were not any the better. They only exceeded their brother in their persuasive, exacting and

monitor to read the lesson. He began: "The Home-coming of Ooolleessieus. Ooolleessieus was the King of..." At this juncture the whole class burst out laughing. I also joined in the merriment. When the noise had a little abated, I cried, "Cyril,



The nail of the finger.....like a spoon;

and now in the depression lay at least half the vaseline in the bottle. But this was not to be the last visit. Day after day he would run in and demand a little. How could I reject such seemingly petty requests? How I groaned at the remarkable ease with which the 'servant of God' carried away ounces of my vaseline—for which I had paid from my purse?

This was the case with anything I had in my room. His

snatching off abilities. When the trio bade farewell, I sighed with relief.

But, I must go back to the original—the nucleus of my tale. You see, I was the first assistant in the school. One Tuesday morning I went into my class to take my lesson which was English prose. The story which I had to begin that day was 'The Home-coming of Ulysses.' As usual I asked the class—what did you read? Ooolleessieus!

Don't you know how to pronounce such a simple word correctly?" And I told him the correct pronunciation. But the boy replied, "Sir, yesterday the H. M. was taking the non-detailed lesson—the Story of Ulysses. He first of all began reading. When he came across the sentence—'Ulysses accordingly went into the house of Eumaeus'—he read the first word

(See page 83)

FRY'S

FOUR FOODS IN ONE

Palatable — Nutritious — Energy-Producing

Ask your dealer for a sample.

SENTIENCIED

WHAT YOU READ
BEFORE.

Keshav Singh, a gangster, is sentenced to be hanged for having murdered Manilal Sowcar. Just when the judgement is pronounced a tear-gas bomb bursts in the court and in the confusion that ensues Keshav manages to give the slip to the police and escape. But he is made a prisoner by Govind, a rival gangster, who tortures and tries to extract from him the secret of Manilal's hidden treasures. But just then a posse of constables raid the house and he escapes leaving Keshav to his fate. Keshav also tries to escape by the window but he suddenly becomes giddy. When he gets back his consciousness he finds that he is being well attended to by his men. Curious to know how they had managed to rescue him he asks his chief lieutenant for particulars.

NOW PROCEED ON WITH

CHAPTER 7.

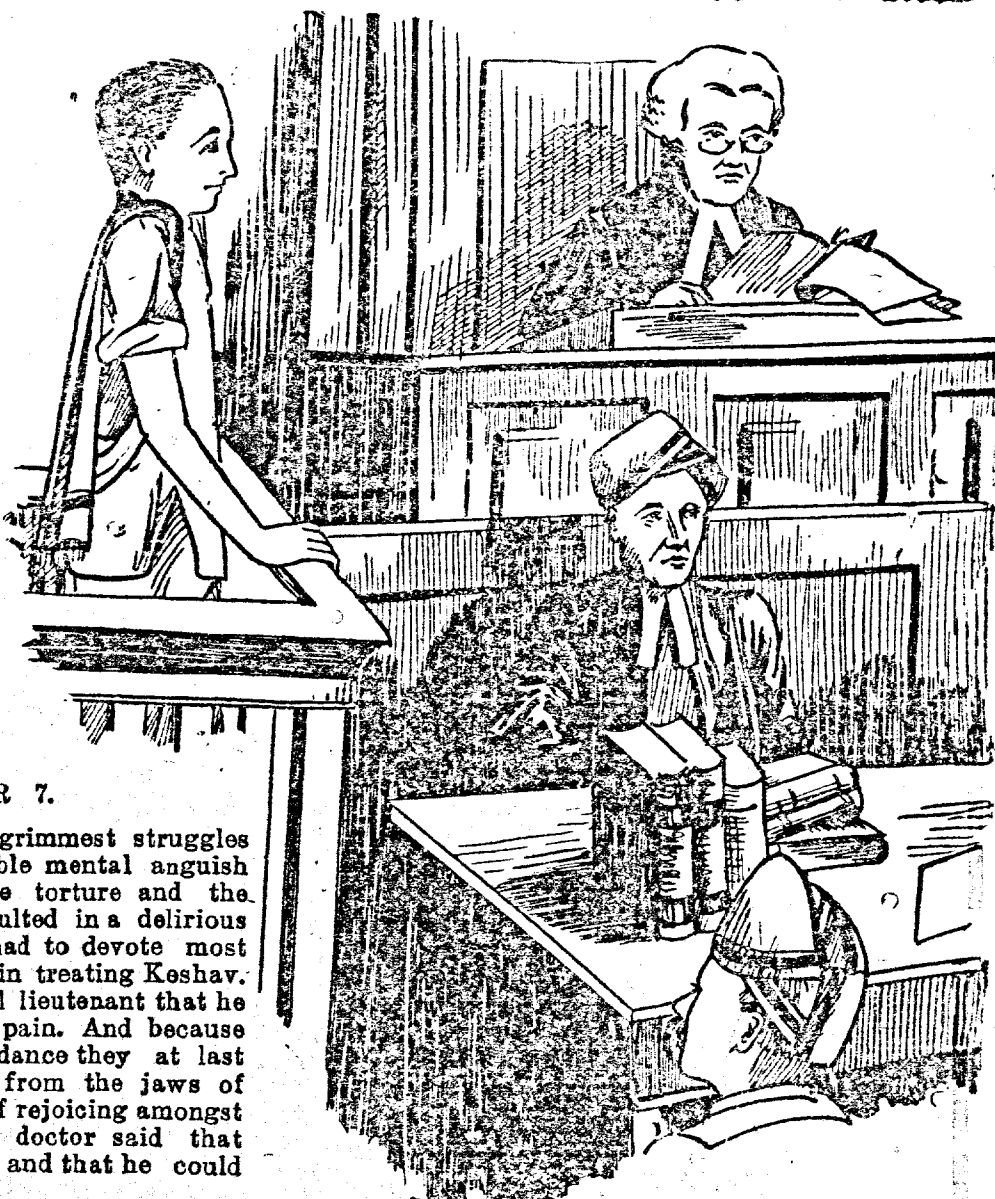
It was one of the grimmest struggles against death. The terrible mental anguish he had gone through, the torture and the fall — all these had resulted in a delirious fever and the doctor had to devote most of his days and nights in treating Keshav. Shankar, like the faithful lieutenant that he was, did not spare any pain. And because of his indefatigable attendance they at last managed to snatch him from the jaws of death. And it was a day of rejoicing amongst the gangsters when the doctor said that Keshav was out of danger and that he could be taken to forsome time.

Shankar availed himself of this permission readily. "Hullo, chief," he said. "Doctor says that I can talk to you for some time and I will tell you all that has happened."

Keshav feebly nodded approval and Shankar proceeded on.

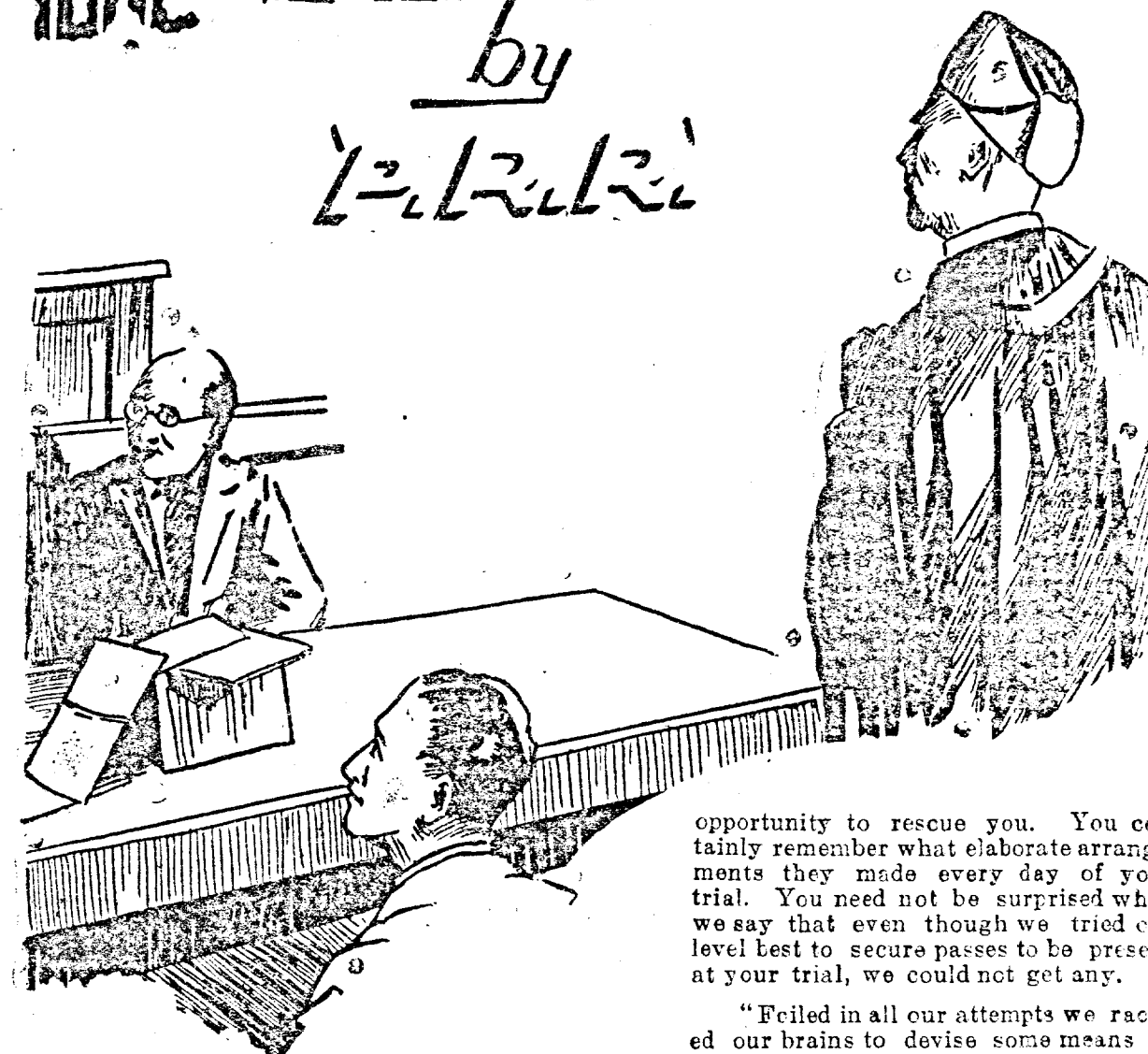
"Chief, you remember the trial and the confusion it ended in?" he asked.

Keshav thought a minute, as if trying to recapitulate all that had happened to him a few days before. And then a look of satisfaction passed across his face. "Yes, I remember everything now," he said.



To Be HANGIED

by
P. R. R.



opportunity to rescue you. You certainly remember what elaborate arrangements they made every day of your trial. You need not be surprised when we say that even though we tried our level best to secure passes to be present at your trial, we could not get any.

"Failed in all our attempts we racked our brains to devise some means of rescuing you. At last a bright idea struck me and the result was the tear-gas bomb.

"You certainly remember the happy days we spent as college students and how you used to mock at me for being an enthusiastic student of electricity. The knowledge that I gained then and also subsequently by carrying on my own experiments stood me in very good stead.

"The night before the trial I removed one of the electric bulbs and replaced it by another—in

"Well, chief, we all knew that you would be sentenced to be hanged. The proof against you was quite positive and there was no loophole whatsoever for your escape. And so we decided to make one supreme effort to free you from Police custody.

"We thought of several ways and means of doing this—in vain. The Police were very careful and they would not give us even the least

fact it was a tear-gas bomb so shaped as to resemble an electric bulb. I had ample time at my disposal that night and this I utilised to perfect my scheme and to rearrange the wires. I knew quite well that the trial was practically over and that the sentence of death would be passed on you at about a particular time. I tapped and rearranged the wires in such a way that a current was generated in the wire connecting the bomb the moment the Judge's fan was switched on. And the resistance in the former was calculated and introduced with such accuracy that the tear-gas bomb would ignite just when the judgment is pronounced on you. And I knew that there would be great confusion in the court the moment the tear gas bomb burst and that you would somehow manage to escape from the clutches of the police.

"Nor were my calculations wrong. The bomb burst in the court just when the Judge decreed that you should be hanged. There was great confusion and in that you also managed to escape. But, foolishly enough, we thought you would use the private exit special set apart for High Court Judges whereas you escaped by the main entrance and fell in the clutches of Govind. On investigation we also found that Govind had replaced the chauffeur of our car that was standing at the private exit by one of his own men.

"When we came to know that you had escaped in Govind's car, we were worried. We forced out the whereabouts of that gangster from his chauffeur and then everything else was easy. Dressed as police constables we raided his house. And there we found you clinging, nay, clutching feverishly to the walls. We saw your condition and knew that any moment you would fall down. We threw up our ever-ready rope ladder and tried to go to you. But before that you fell down—down—down!

"But there were a number of telegraphic wires. And they saved you. Somehow you got entangled in them and you did not fall down. Afterwards it was child's play. We easily brought you down, found that you had sustained serious injuries throughout your body and also that you were suffering from a delirious fever. And we brought you hither."

Keshav listened attentively to his lieutenant's story. "What do the papers say about my escape?" he asked.

"The usual rigmarole. Vigorous searches are being made to find out your whereabouts and that the police are of opinion that you are in this city."

"Any rewards offered for my apprehension?"

"Yes, a thousand rupees."

Keshav appeared worried. Suddenly he looked up at Shankar. "Shankar, was my photo published in the papers?" he asked.

"Yes, chief. And I also hear that copies have been sent to every Police Station in India."

Keshav was silent for a few minutes. In those minutes his brain worked with feverish heat. Yes, his portrait had been published. And that meant that anyone who happened to see him would easily recognise him. Of course his lieutenant would have put him in a safe place—there was no doubt about it. And Keshav also knew that none of his men would dare to inform the police. But there was a stranger amidst them—the doctor. And he would certainly have recognised in him the notorious Keshav. That meant danger to him. A thousand was a fairly big reward and any struggling doctor would try to grab it—if he were to get it for merely speaking one little word. And he knew that the physician who was treating him was far from affluent. He would certainly not hesitate to inform the Commissioner of Police as to where Keshav lay hidden.

Of course he was bound to be grateful to the doctor for attending on him so selflessly and snatching him away from the jaws of death. He could even bribe him into silence by paying him a thousand rupees for professional services already rendered and promising a few thousands for secrecy. But the doctor might not believe his promise. He might conclude that a bird in hand was worth two in the bush and instead of waiting for the offchance of Keshav paying him at some future date for his silence he might try to make hay while the sun shone and sell away his secret to the Police. So the doctor could not be trusted. And as long as the secret of his hiding place was in his possession he was in momentary danger of being apprehended—and dragged to the gallows.

Yes, the doctor must die, even though he had rendered him signal service. There was no other way out of the difficulty. He looked up at his lieutenant. "Shankar," he said, "you know that the doctor is in the know of my whereabouts and that he can easily earn a thousand rupees by informing the Police. He must die," he said.

And just then the door was opened slightly and a head popped in. It was the doctor.

"Mr. Shankar," he said. "You must now come away. You should not talk to your friend any longer. He has exerted himself enough already."

(To be Continued).



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Novel!

Interesting!!
Pleasure

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You will find that the Cookoo Nuts in a distinctly new manner. But there of the description. The quotations must

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A Non - Stop Variety

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Alluring!

Arresting!!

With Profits

highly interesting and amusing. This is and which is bound to be shortly a craze

will know what they are if you study

illustrate ordinary well-known sayings must be no question as to the correctness fit in in all details the Nuts—that's all. prize of **Ten Rupees** will be given. And **six** consecutive issues of the **Tatler** number of entries, but every entry must Nuts attached to it. And the winner of a for a period of six months.

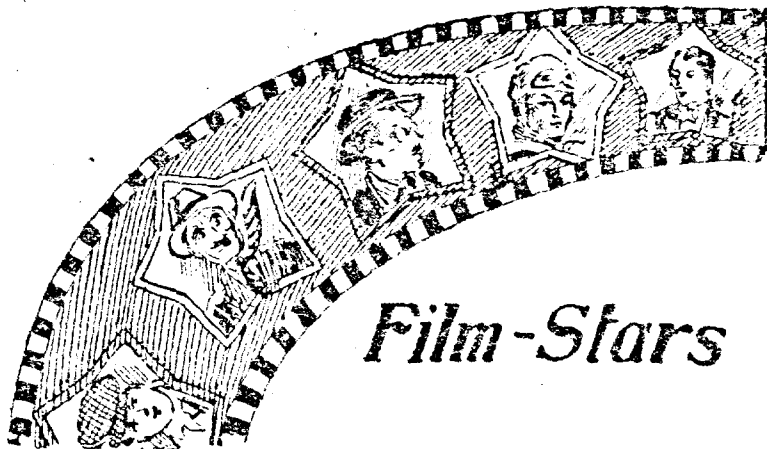
Cookoo Nuts, c/o Editor, **Tatler**. The any entry sent in any manner he likes ent and Sole Copyright of the Editor, correspondence about these Cookoo Nuts enclosed for reply. The name of the will be announced in the next issue.



A hard and fast rule.

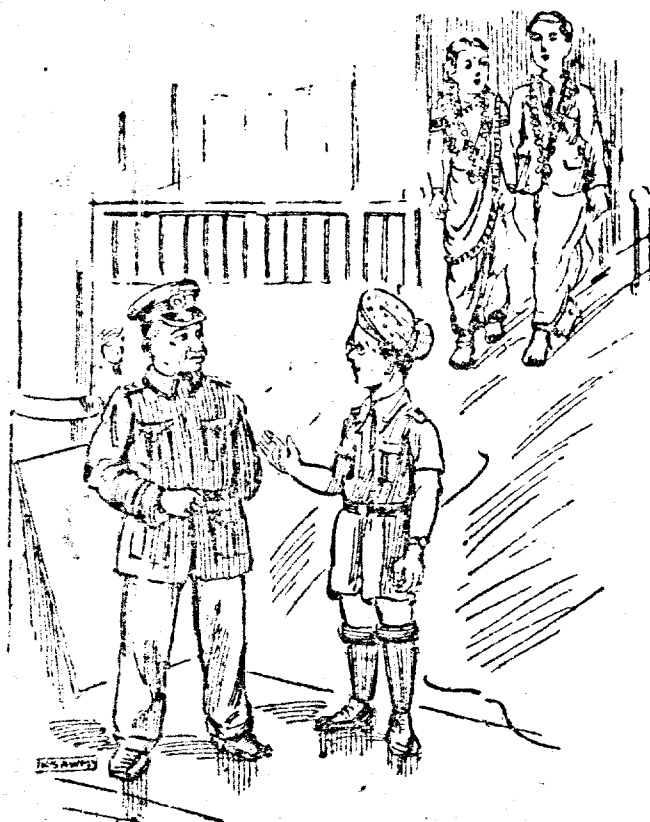


Rigid Economy



Film-Stars

Officials in Dilemma.

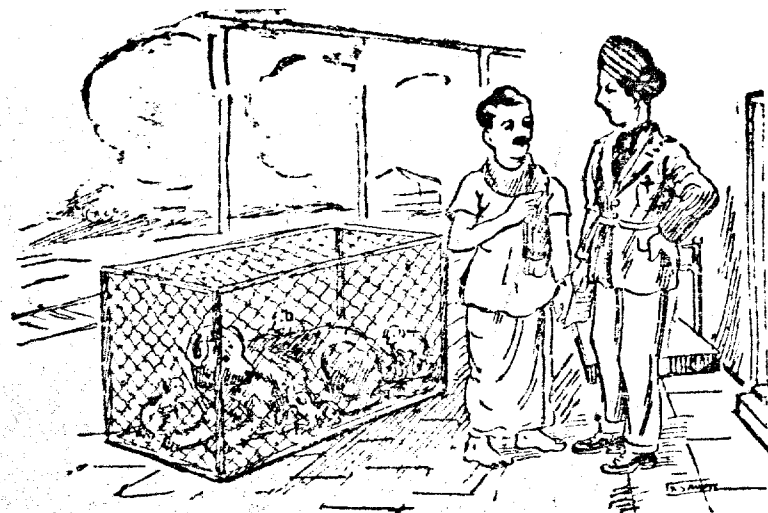


Customs Sub-Inspector : "Chief, I am to collect customs' on every thing new, shouldn't I?"

Officer : Yes—don't you know this simple thing?

S. I. :—Yes, chief, but what customs duty am I to impose for a wife?

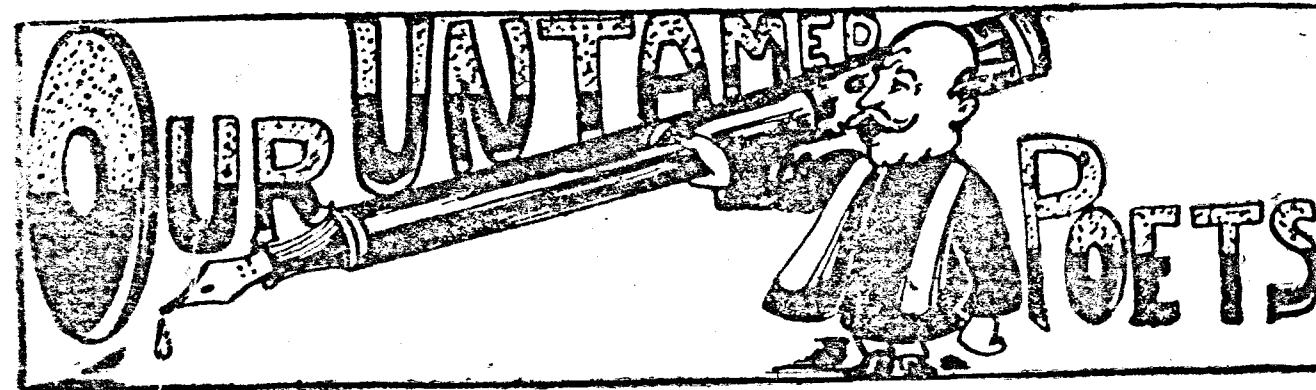
Parcel Clerk : Master, in the way-bill they have charged only for one dog. But what about the puppies she has given birth to on the way?



"And after all what I want is only one to remarry me."



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Too True

A college magazine is a great invention;
The college gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money;
The staff gets all the blame.

—Barar.

* A Limerick from America. *

Not long ago news about Gandhi
Was daily most everywhere handhi,
But since his seclusion,
There's none for perusion,
Which truthfully seems rather dandhi.

—Christian Science Monitor.

* Wet Paint! *

A painter, who lived in Great Britain,
Interrupted two girls with their kintain:
He said, with a sigh,
"That park bench—well, I
Just painted it, right were your'e sittin'."

* The Tyre-Ant of the Streets *

The taximan who will not drive
One to one's destination
Will 'oft, as sure as I'm alive,
Drive one to desperation.

* No Criterion *

As woman loves by fits and start,
She'll smile, and then she'll weep it:
Don't think because you've won her heart,
My boy, that you can keep it.

—J. J. O'Connell.

Temptation

I think that she knew
I just had to do it—
Did her lips kiss too?
I think that she knew—
That her eyes seemed to woo it;
I think that she knew
I just had to do it!

* Exemplary *

Little Miss Tuffet
Sat in a buffet
Putting some cocktails away,
The rector soon spied her
And sat down to chide her—
And stayed there the rest of the day.

* Uncertain *

Mary had a little waist
Where nature made it grow,
And everywhere the fashion went
The waist was sure to go.

* Owed to a Nose *

The hours I spend with thee, dear one,
The best of friends we seem to be,
I count thy sneezes, one by one,
My Noserie! My Noserie!

* Obsolete *

Another old phrase long grown stale
Is that saying, "As slow as a snail."
When we now wish to show
That a thing is dead slow,
We say, "It's as slow as the mail."

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SIDE SLIPS

Our Infant's Tonic is highly recommended for enlargement of Liver and spleen.

—Advt in Daily.

Thanks. I am not anxious to have my child's spleen enlarged. (T. Krishniah, Kamipatpad.)

Full many a flower is born to *bush* unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air. (Ceylon Catholic Paper).

Unseen flowers may do stranger things than waste its sweetness on the desert air. (P. A. Thason, Colombo.)

I write all this much because I am thoroughly convicted.

— Madras Magazine.

Certainly you must prove yourself 'not guilty' (M. D. Narayanan, Bangalore.)

For this reason white grease paint was used when kleig lights were in vogue. Today if the *movie* sets is dark, then a much lighter shade of brown is required vice-versa if the *background* is light.

—A Movie Weekly.

Is this what they call the "Miracle of the Movies?" (K. Tirumalachar, Bangalore.)

Documents valued at Rs. 1,00,00 and contained in an insured mail bag were found missing when *South African mail steamer* was examined at the *G. P. O. Bombay*.

—Bombay Daily.

We have to point out with sorrow that the Madras G. P. O., unlike its Bombay prototype cannot occasionally be converted into a DRY DOCK. (K. R. Daver, Bombay.)

For Sale : Baker's business. Large steam oven. Been in it for seven years. Good reason for leaving. —Advt. in Daily.

After seven years even a baker is sure to feel the warmth of his residence in the oven. (Swamy, Madras.)

Reviewing the serial as a whole, I cannot pay a tribute of praise to the simple, chaste and telling style of the narrative. —Fortnightly Magazine.

Rather candid of the Editor. (T. S. Venunathan, Madras.)

.....three watches postage free. For nine watches one watch of the same quality free. *Disapproval money back.*

—Advt. in Sunday Paper.

We never disapprove of money, except when dud coins are pawned on us. (M. L. S., Madras.)

The young man who had been calling so frequently on Helen at last went to see her father.

"It's a mere formality, I know," he began, "but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed in the usual way."

Helen's father stiffened. "And may I inquire," he asked, "who suggested that asking my consent to Helen's marriage was a mere formality?"

"Helen's mother," the young man replied.

—Grit.

PLEASE DON'T LEND or SPOIL or MUTILATE This COPY. It will be worth while to preserve it. See "Between Ourselves."



Putting old head on young shoulders.

LOONEY LYRICS

Too Much

"I'm sick of kisses," so the poet cried,
 "Weary to death of lips that cling and press,
 Tired of the long, long labial caress
 That makes you like Vesuvius inside;
 Roam where I may, the kiss is not denied.
 In literature it gets uncommon stress,
 For everybody's kissing, more or less,
 No matter where one happens to abide.
 "The kiss is too much with us, late and soon
 We thrill with soft oscillatory bliss
 These modern maidens are much too prone
 to spoon,
 Oh, for the old time girl you couldn't kiss!
 The cynic laughed with grim sardonic glee,
 "There never was no such girl!" said he.
 —Bertob Braley.

An Observation.

Although Dan Cupid sometimes may
 Not hit the mark, I hold,
 His arrows seldom go astray
 When they are tipped with gold!

A Sad Disappointment.

She gave a great function, but woe
 Has driven her gladness away;
 The newspapers, if you must know,
 Misprinted her name the next day.

Food Prices

Mary had a little lamb
 Worth one and eight per pound,
 And Mary knew a butcher man
 To whom she took it round.
 Was Mary sorry for her pet
 You ask? Did Mary weep?
 Not she! It was her one regret
 She hadn't got a sheep.

A Recipe

To the note of a bird,
 Add the hum of a bee,
 And the breath of a hyacinth sweet;
 A splatter of rain
 A beam of the sun,
 And your poem to spring is complete.

Flats

Great authors have their mansions
 In which they hang their hats,
 While actor-swells affect hotels,
 Musicians live in flats.

Just Like Woman

To buy her presents his cash is spent,
 And her words of thanks were sweeter
 than honey,
 But when he had squandered his last
 red cent,
 She married a youth who saved his money.

The Pretty Maid

"What have you there, my pretty maid?"
 "I have some cabbages, sir," she said;
 "It was a great idea of mine and ma's,
 We use them to make dear dad's cigars."

I Wish It Were

Life is not a dream, they say
 Poets so aver,
 As I rise at break of day,
 Oft I wish it were.

Her Beau Ideal

Some happiness is fanciful,
 And some is really real:
 The nearest approach is when a maid
 Calls you her beau ideal.

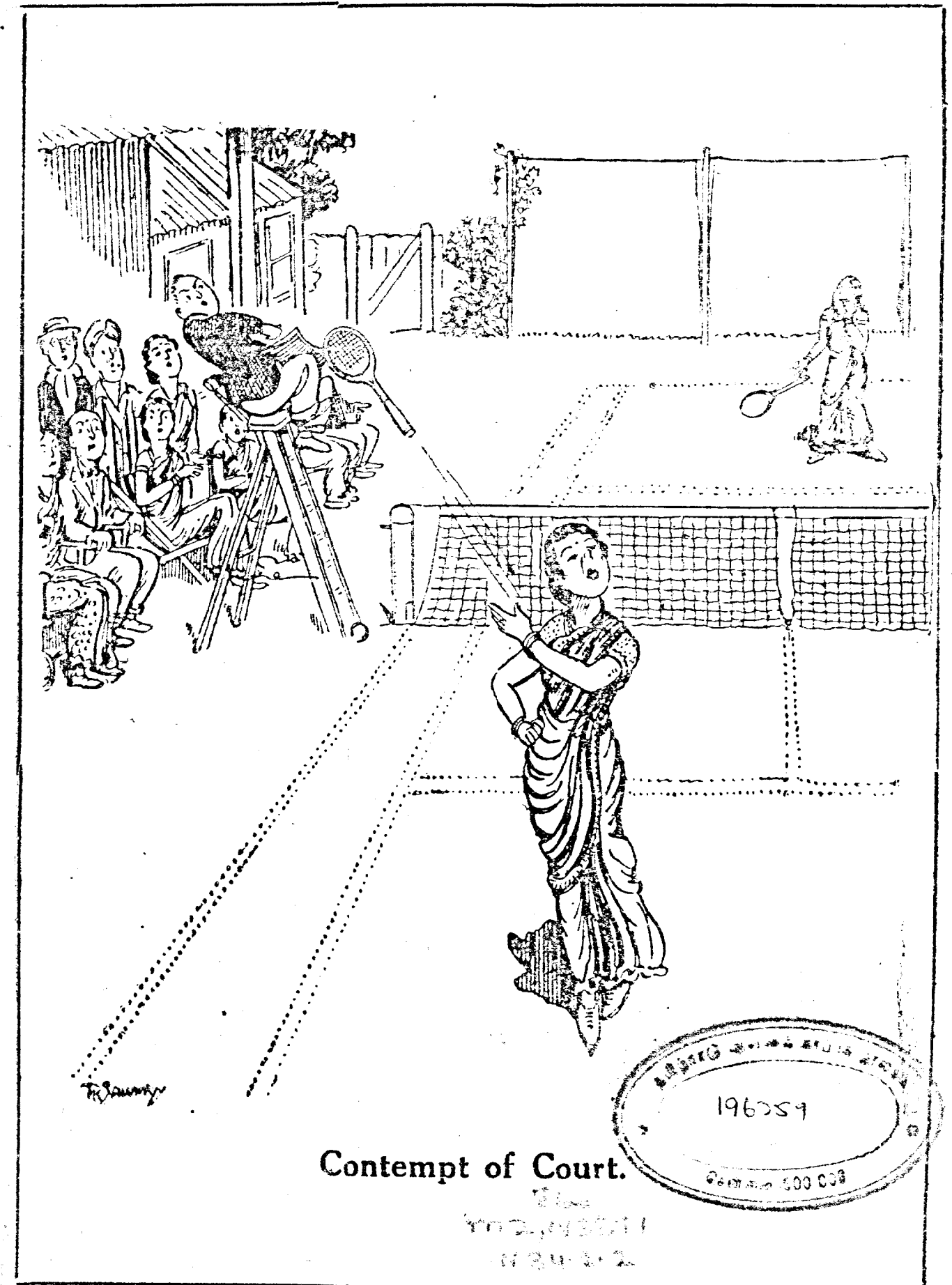
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STOLEN SMILES

Perhaps.

Conductor: "Sorry, madam, but we have learned that the station where you intend to get off has been burned to the ground."

Lady: "That's all right: they'll probably have it rebuilt by the time this train gets there."

—Grit.

His Fee

The teacher heard a child crying and rushed out to the playground to find the cause of the disturbance.

"What is the trouble?" she asked of little Jimmy, who stood calmly by, eating an orange.

"Billy took Fred's orange," explained the witness.

"And where is the orange?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, I have that," replied Jimmy. "You see, I am the lawyer."

—Vancouver Province.

Efficiency Expert

The piano teacher was expected any minute, and William was preparing to take his lesson.

"Did you wash your hands?" inquired mother.

"Yes."

"And your face?"

"Yes, mother."

"And did you wash behind your ears?"

"On her side I did, mother."

—Christian Science Monitor.

Old Dust

Mistress: "Just look at the dust on this piano, Mary. It's at least six weeks old!"

Calm Mary: "Then it ain't nothing to do with me, mum. I've only been here four weeks."

—The Cash Year.

On Argument

After a young lawyer had talked nearly five hours to a jury, who felt like sentencing him, his opponent in the case, a grizzled veteran of the legal cockpit, rose, smiled sweetly at the judge and jurymen, and said:

"Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just concluded, and will submit the case without argument."

—Labor.

Not a Forward Pass

"Jack was the goal of my ambition, but alas!"

"What happened, dear?"

"Father kicked the goal."

—Boston Transcript.

Two Ears

Father: "Everything I say to you goes in one ear and out of the other."

Youngster (thoughtfully): "That's what we have two ears for, father?"

—Whitley Seaside Chronicle.

The Critic

Two men entered the Westminster Abbey, and one of them listened, enraptured, to the strains of the organ.

"That's Handel," he murmured.

"He plays very well," returned the other.

—Whitley Seaside Chronicle.

Discernment

Repair Man (having pushed button repeatedly without response):—"Fancy ringin' me up to come and mend the doorbell and then goin' out!"

—Passing Show.

Radio in its Infancy

He was one of those keen wireless enthusiasts who delight in showing their friends how many different foreign stations they can get.

"My boy," he said, "this is nothing to what we can expect in a few years' time. Broadcasting is only in its infancy."

"It must be," murmured his friend dryly. "judging by the howls I've just heard."

—London Daily Telegraph.

Round Them Out

Lady of the House: "Yes, I have an old pair of my husband's trousers, but I'm afraid they're too large around the waist for you."

Tramp: "Well, couldn't you gimme a dinner that would make 'em fit?"

—London Opinion.

The Perfect Job

He had managed to get a job as a collector for a gas company.

"Take this master key and go round and empty all the meters," said the manager.

He was gone for three weeks. Then he walked into the office.

"Can I have another key?" he asked. "I've lost the other one."

"Certainly," said the manager, "but where have you been all this time? The cashier has stopped late every Friday night, expecting you to come in for your wages."

"What!" exclaimed the startled collector.

"Do I get wages as well?"

—Answers.

A DOUBLE

A long stretch of the shore north of the harbour of the city is protected by huge pieces of rocks thrown and arranged to form a barrier to the fury of the waves which would otherwise have protruded into that part the city. This made-up barrier is at most places two feet and more in breadth and about fifteen feet high. The sea touches the base of this huge bund only rising up occasionally. People come here for spending their evening. Some take their seats on the higher pieces of rocks while others sit on the lower ones. At times seats are found below that are not discernible to those seated above.

It was on one such rocks that Mr. David Chander found himself seated one evening, seriously cogitating over his future. A youth of good looks and kind heart he had been played upon and deceived by many of his mock friends. Having exhausted his sound inheritance he was now living upon the bounty of his rich uncle. That uncle had refused to give him any allowance whatsoever if he did not employ himself in some work or other. A curious arrangement was made thereupon. An employment bureau was thrown open in a business quarter near Broadway under a fictitious name. A typist secretary was allowed to David by his uncle. Very few people came and troubled him for employments. His secretary, a woman of 30 who believed she was 20, looked after the few visitors that came and went. Never yet was David seriously troubled by self-pity and repentance. He had enough cause that day for brooding over. He had lost his chances of marrying into one of the wealthy—nay, the middle class families. That day, two months after the opening of his office, his typist had brought to him an application with a fee of Rs. 5 from a lady in search of a good looking young husband. The lady had described herself as a young widow of 25 attractive and with a small fortune. It was the first application in his office as others who had come there with hopes of getting information about employment were frightened away by the fee they had to pay for enquiry and recommendation. The secretary that day had been reminding him of the offer for the hundredth time and asking him to make a move.

Thoughts of matrimonial blessings were passing through his brain when he heard the stern but controlled voice of anger of a man nearly scolding some one for being a liar and a cheat. The

subsequent words came clearer to him now: "Mary! your airs won't do. It was you who asked me to lend money to your mother. I require the money now. Are you going to see that I am paid or not?"

The answer came in a pitifully low and vibrant voice while pride and shame strove with each other to get the better of the speaker. The sweet looking, dainty girl that was the recipient of these rebukes at last got her voice. "Sir! Do not rebuke me. I thought better of you than the others when I requested you to lend the amount to my mother. She was ill for some time and all our savings went to the Doctor. Now she is again doing well and attending to her work. She will soon be paying your money by portions."

The man was not pacified but went on. "Do what you like. Dress up with other men's money. But to be sure you will never get a husband above your station."

The girl's answer was curt and scornful.

"Rather I shall marry and spend my life with a beggar than give myself up to men like you."

The words stung the man and he took his departure as David stood up from his low and hidden seat and cried out, "Stop there, you coward that dare threaten helpless women." The man was off in a moment and David was left alone with the girl.

For a moment the girl stood as if paralysed that her disgrace should have had a witness. Recovering immediately she thanked him heartily for having intervened. After some hesitation David addressed her: "Beg your pardon, madam, will you kindly tell me how much your mother owes that black-guard?"

"A sum of Rs. 100, Sir," was her reply. "This we borrowed of him to pay off our little debts; but you probably heard all that and know the details."

David:—"Pray would you accept from me a loan of the amount which you can return at your convenience?"

Mary:—"Sir, you seem to be my good angel. I shall be happy to accept from you and not the least be worried about that."

Thereupon David gave his address and asked her to meet him the next day evening at his

TRAGEDY

office. The girl clasped his hands in both her own and bade him a farewell expressive of her deepfelt gratitude.

He was left alone with thoughts of pity surging through his heart—a sentiment that is not far akin to love when the object of pity is a good looking girl of eighteen. Her words had given him food for thought. For when sowing his wild oats he had never met a woman so kind and so beautiful.

It was only when he arrived at his room that his promise to that girl came back to him with all its force. He went into his room and made a survey of all his earthly possessions. Even if he were to sell all that belonged to him he could not realise even a fourth of the sum that he required.

He then thought of asking a loan of his own secretary whom he knew to possess a little fortune left her by her former husband. None else that knew him would ever advance to him a single pie. Hastily he got out and locking his room went in search of his secretary. That woman lived with some elderly cousin of hers. David went to her house and she was very much surprised to see him, for he had always been indifferent nay oblivious to the fact that she was working under him in his own office. When the formalities were over David addressed her:

"Well, Mrs. Jones, I have come here for the purpose of borrowing from you a sum of Rs. 100 for a short period. As you are the only person in this big city whom I can ask for help after having spent away my fortune, I hope you would not refuse this request."

Mrs. Jones:—"Oh, Sir, how unfortunate! I have no money on hand that I can spare you now. I am sorry for not being able to oblige you."

David tried once more, and after finding it of no avail departed from the place with a heavy heart. Opening his room he flung himself down. At five o'clock he had asked the girl to come to him for the money. It was past two and he had no idea as to how and in what manner he was to explain to her. A noble instinct had prompted him to promise a helpless girl the help she required to save herself from ruin and disgrace. Shutting himself in his room he thought of the supreme panacea for all human troubles and shame. But somehow he could not muster up enough courage to take that step. He thought and thought until he dozed off with mental and physical exhaustion.

After a time he was aroused by his secretary. She was dressed in the best of fashions and the scents that emanated from her were very fragrant and pleasing.

"Well, I am sorry to disturb you," came her words for the first time with a shyness unnatural to her—"to tell you that I had come here with an idea. You had a client seeking for a husband through your Bureau. You have no idea as to her identity. I want to tell you that the person is myself. I hope you will appreciate the delicacy of the situation and not be behindhand to take advantage of my offer."

The two were talking in the private room of David. A hesitating girl entered into the office and stood undecided as to her next step when she saw the office vacant. The sound of voices speaking in the private room reached her ears and she took a step forward. The following words fell clearly on her ears and she recognised the speaker from his voice: "Well Mrs. Jones I cannot pretend to say I love you, but since it is your wish I will marry you if you promise to pay me the sum of Rs. 100 this hour."

The girl guessed at once that at that moment her sweet friend of yesterday was sacrificing himself for her sake. A change passed over her face and she formed a quick resolution. Hastily she went to the private door and knocked at it. As the door was open she entered in with a seemingly carefree and happy countenance.

"Beg your pardon, Sir, I came here to say that after you promised me help yesterday I learnt from my mother that her employer had the kindness to lend her the required sum. My sincerest thanks are due to you for your kindness to me yesterday."

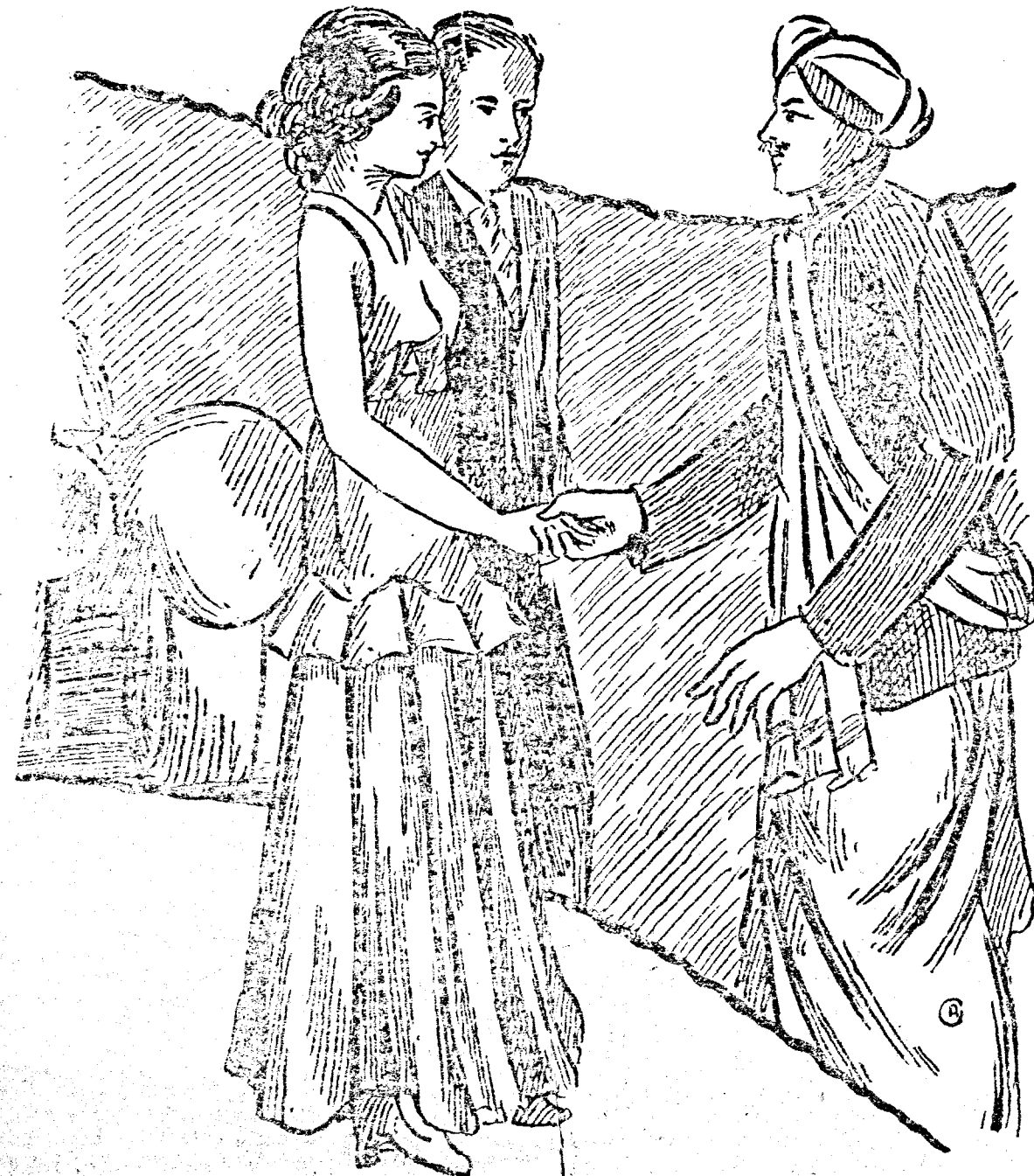
She hastily retreated from the room and took her departure before David could overcome his surprise. As for Mr. Jones she hastily left the place determined never to return there again.

The next day's post brought a letter to David. It ran thus: "Honoured Sir—You took pity on an humble girl and would have sacrificed the whole length of your life for helping her. Before this letter reaches you I will be in a far far different world. Please always try to remember kindly of me.—Your adorer, Mary."

(See page 83)

The Birthday

BY A. KUPPU



After the day's hard toil on board the s.s. "AMBOISE" as Tally Clerk I returned home with a 'broken-to-pieces' feeling, the enervating heat having sapped my vitality to the last drop. To give my wearied limbs a little rest I dropped in a rickety chair and closed the eyes.

Celebration

SWAMY



in commemoration of the first birthday of his son.

"How kind of him!" I soliloquised and made ready for starting. To attend a 'big' man's function one needs suitable dress. It was a dilemma to me as to how I might dress for the occasion. I rummaged the dealwood box which had seen my ancestors for over a century and which I use up to the present day as my wardrobe, but nothing worth calling a coat or shirt or dhoty was found. Yet, something had to be done! "Why, Ramalinga Mudaliar is an old chum of mine and as such he would not pay particular attention as to the manner in which I dress myself," I murmured and with what I could lay my hands on I donned myself, of course not leaving the important item, the "mundu" on the shoulder and a big white turban on the head.

My wife is a zealous girl and naturally she must have thought that I was going astray. So wild did she get that her glib tongue exhausted its resource of compliments on me, in

"What did you bring me, Daddy?" Angu disturbed me, encircling my neck with his arms. A few biscuits which I had spared from my mid-day ration I gave to the boy and sent him away. Then came my wife with her usual growls. "It is six o'clock now, nothing doing yet in the kitchen....." I gave her the day's wages and rose up for the usual bath when my eyes fell on what appeared to be a marriage invitation. I read it. What can I say of my feelings! I felt as if I was all of a sudden transported to the seventh heaven. Mr. Ramalinga Mudaliar, the manager of Messrs. The All-India Trading Co., was inviting me for a musical entertainment arranged

short, it brought the heavens on my head by the virtue of its invocation to Goddesses (not Gods) of varied destructive powers.

I waited till the storm lulled and then, by degrees worked the way for salvation. A kiss or two on the cheek, a few minutes' smoothing of the dishevelled hair and setting right the ends of the jacket coupled with a few words of endearment fetched me permission to go to Mr. Mudaliar's bungalow.

Out I went and in no time reached the destination. Guests were already pouring in. They all came in motorcars, coaches, rickshaws, cycles etc.

A neatly dressed man stood at the gate making 'namaskarams' to people wearing Glasgow mulls, sandals, gold chains, rings and immaculately white turbans, 'salaams' to people wearing silk lounges and fez caps and 'good evenings' to people wearing hats, boots, coats and trousers. They were all led in without a hitch and I, ashamed to go along with such 'big' folks, tarried a bit, thinking that I might sneak in when the congestion thinned a little.

What could I tell you, dear readers! Without ceremony, reason or rhyme I was pushed aside. I argued—in fact grinned like an Egyptian mummy—that I possessed an invitation card and even produced it to the Reception Member but he turned deaf ears.

The street urchins and idle-loiterers standing outside started hooting and jeering: "Ayya Chettiyar! Your fate is such as to be chucked along with us." I stood petrified. "This world is for gold, title and grandeur and not for poverty, simplicity and humbleness," I mused with chagrin.

An inclination to return home sprung in me, but the ardent desire to hear the excellent music inside gained the upperhand and made me further linger, with the reinforced hope that a stray chance might come in my way.

The 'boom-boom' of a car at a distance roused me from the reverie. The vehicle stopped right at the gate. Three European ladies and three European gentlemen were the inmates—probably husbands and wives. Mr. Mudaliar came running, shook hands with them and ciceroned them into the interior. Who they were I could not say, neither did I care to know.

Wonderfully enough a timely perception dawned on me, as a result of which I slipped in with the new-comers like an eel. Joy and sorrow are intermixed. When my attention was directed in thus effecting an entry into the bungalow someone of the riff-raffs and hooligans who were standing by me knocked my turban off its seat.

The position was so critical that I did not even look back, although the loss heavily pressed upon my heart.

"No use of crying over the spilt milk," I consoled myself and followed the distinguished white guests until they were seated on richly cushioned sofas put under electric fans that buzzed like big moths. I managed to sit on the ground behind them but I was not able to

enjoy this prerogative for any length of time; for Mr. Tall—the Chairman of the Reception Committee, so I thought—by hook or by crook spotted me and routed me out of that place. What a hard luck!

I was subsequently chased to a corner where the menials of the house and others of my status stayed to witness the function. Although I was not particular about the 'snub' I had had, yet I could not forget the inconvenience I was put to. The place was as hot as a baker's oven. Whilst the Europeans had electric fans to breeze them, the notable Indian guests had men appointed to ventilate them with fans made of peacock feathers and trimmed with tafeeta silk borders, nobody cared for us in the corner. Not a tattered palmyra fan was thrown to us, the third and last class guests. I pulled off my coat and placed it by me with a view to airing a bit my already sweating body. The European ladies and gentlemen were wreathed with thick rose garlands. The first and second class Indian gentlemen too did not miss their quota, for they were also garlanded with 'jasmine harums.'

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194	5 ft. 10 in.	8 weeks
19	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
18	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
17	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
16	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
15	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
14	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
13	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
12	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
11	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
10	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
9	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
8	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
7	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
6	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
5	5 ft. 10 in.	4 weeks
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HEIGHT SPECIALIST, SCARBOROUGH, ENG.

Then Mr. Mudaliar delivered an extemporaneous speech in English, the gist of which was nothing other than a request to his boss for enhancement of salary. This over, the drink affair started. While the Europeans enjoyed 'Moet & Chandon' Champagne (Demi Sec) Finger Biscuits, Danish Butter and Egyptian Cigarettes, the first grade Indian guests were supplied with Mysore Paulks, hotcoffee and Tanjore 'beedas,' the second class guests were provided with soda (one pice variety) and pansupari, our corner was left unheeded.

The splendid vocal singing and dancing gave us all great enjoyment. The three 'Dorais' and 'Doraisanees' laughed till their ribs ached. Whether their laughter emanated either in appreciation of the rare art produced before them or as a sign of mockery to indicate the folly of the host, it is for the reader to judge.

At about nine o'clock in the night the birthday celebration came to a close and the

guests dispersed. I looked for my coat to return home. It was found nowhere. Somebody had pinched it off but whoever that may be, I dare say, he would have complimented me a good deal for having been so miserly as not to have kept any coin in the coat for him to make use of.

The loss of the coat and the turban on one side and the fear that my wife would chide me for having wasted three full hours outside on the other made me feel crestfallen. At any rate I reached home and luckily enough none noticed me.

The next day after supper I told the birthday farce to my grandmother who, after some thought, said: "You should have borrowed some lace-bordered dhoty, angawasthiram, coat etc., from Veerasawmy, our dhoby before going." Indeed I had made a fool of myself by not having done that, I'll be wiser next time.

But be careful you don't lose the hired clothes as well. Dhobies are worse than marwaries—Editor.

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"That's not my son. And so you need not take the trouble of bringing him out."

Continuing: TREMENDOUS TRIFLES.

just as I now read. We were astonished at the curious pronunciation of the simple word and broke out laughing. I started the turmoil. The Headmaster grew as red as a pea-cock. 'Cyril,' roared he, 'why do you laugh? Keep silence.' But, I couldn't keep mum. He got down from the chair and in a storming rage screwed my ears until they were pink with pain. I screamed out: 'Sir, I laughed because of the curious way in which you pronounced the word Ulysses.' 'I see,' exploded the headmaster. 'Who knows better here, you or I? From to-day if you don't say Ollessieus I will send you out of the class. Do you hear?' So that's why I spoke so to-day, sir," finished the youngster. Of course the whole narration was unbelievable. The H. M. showing an erroneous way of pronouncing such a simple word as this. I told the boys that they might use the headmaster's pronunciation in his class; but in mine the correct and original form would suffice. With that the class commenced its regular work.

Now, how could I know that the chief was in the adjoining room? He had heard every syllable of what had passed. The screen partition would not have in any way proved a sound-proof barrier. When I came home that evening, I met the H. M. Instead of the usual, "Good-evening, Spadigam," I was encountered with a stony, icy stare. I did not at all understand the difference—for, you see, I was not aware of the fact that he had been a listener of the farce which had been enacted in my class room. I quietly sneaked out, after sipping some tea.

Now I must go back a bit. I hope you have not forgotten what

I said concerning the daughter of the house. She was a pretty little creature. Very often I was thrown in her company. I could not avoid such accidents. It was her duty to manage the household in the absence of her mummy, who was in the habit of shutting herself up in her bedroom with her Bible for the greater part of the day. The young lady would come into my room in my absence and arrange my table, light my table-lamp, dust my cot and finish up many other sundry jobs. You must see that when two young things are daily, accidentally or not, thrown into each other's company, with no one to pry upon them, the result is a romance. The parents got an inkling of the affair and occasionally there would be lengthy debates between the old man and wife—concerning the 'nuisance.' I could always hear a bit of what was going on, my room being quite close and the voice of the parties not inaudibly low. Within a week or two I could diagnose that the bedroom conferences were being decided in my favour.

Well, things were going pretty fast; and on Tuesday morning when I was dressing up for school I made up my mind to ask the old man whether he would be my father-in-law. So, that was that.

Now to the thread of the old tale. When I went to school that day I was planning up in my brain how to approach the old gentleman with the proposal. Throughout the day my mind was in a whirl. When I came home that evening the cold look which I got from my would-be-father-in-law put me out not a little. I had originally intended to approach him after supper. In

the present state of affairs I deemed that that step would be unwise.

That night I could not get a wink of sleep. I was rolling in my bed. Suddenly I heard some harsh words from the adjoining room which I recognized to be those of my chief. I pricked up my ears and listened. Some sort of trouble was obviously brewing between husband and wife. It was of course about my marriage with their daughter. "I will never give away my darling daughter to to that sneaking, arrogant, stupid, young man. He dared to find fault with MY pronunciation. See what he has asked the boys to do—to disobey my word! No, you need not intercede on his behalf. I will not give my consent," roared the gruff voice. Then light flashed upon me! I smiled to myself.

Throughout the night the wordy war waged on. The lady used all her eloquence on my behalf. At last she was able to bring round her hubby to decide in my favour. I heaved a sigh of relief. But I did not approach Mary's father the next day. No, nor did I do so for many a day to His manner was very cold for more than a fortnight. It was only after a complete month had passed by that I dared to approach him—and that too when he was with his wife. I got an affirmative answer—no doubt, but given with no goodwill. Within a month I was married in the old village church near by, by a blind, old Parson.

Now, as I think over the incident I am forced to imagine that it would have been better for self if her father had not yielded to the nagging of his better half that night. The nuptial couch is no soft one, mind you, my friend—experience has taught me that much.

Continuing: A DOUBLE TRAGEDY

At the spot where this story began there was a large crowd the next day. It had become a notorious place. Two suicides had successively taken place at the exact spot. No one had the clue to the double tragedy as the dailies contained

only the following note. "After the finding of a girl's corpse yesterday another corpse has been found today at the very spot in the rocks. It has been recognised as that of Mr. David Chandler a city business man. It is said that he took this fatal course owing to financial difficulties."



Any girl would be rather looked over than overlooked.

Many an aparent swell turns out to be only a sponge.

The girl who always sees the funny side of things probably has a dimple.

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow all three may be illegal.

She was only the shoemaker's daughter, but she gave the boys her awl.

A pointed nose is said to indicate curiosity. A flat one often indicates too much curiosity.

Pity the fellow who lost all his friends and had nothing but relatives left.

Keep on plodding. Many a little mug eventually becomes a big pot.

The girl who forgets herself is generally remembered.

Holding hands with a man in the movies may not always indicate affection. Sometimes it's self-protection.

A bathing suit is a costume with no hooks on it, but usually plenty of eyes.

Until a man turns out the light, a girl is apt to be in the dark about his intentions.

Many a man who has had his B. A. and his M. A. is still living on his P. A.

Love is a quest; a proposal, a request; the giving of a daughter in marriage, a bequest; marriage, a conquest; and divorce, the inquest.

Some men are one-arm drivers. Others take a cab and use both arms.

An optimist is a man who does not care what happens, if it does not happen to him.

Currious—the woman who isn't.

Kissing your wife is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

The modern husband's life seems to be just one undarned thing after another.

It's always difficult for a man of forty to get a job. When he gets to that age he begins to look as important as his employer.

Even a watch may feel all run down in spring.

We know a girl who is not fair but she is dyeing to be.

If you are going to be indiscreet, be discreet about it.

Confession is gossip about oneself.

A fellow won't stand up for a girl who sits on him.

The successful man is one who knows what he wants and leaves it alone.

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EASY TO WIN!

First Prize Rs. 1000, 2nd Rs. 500, 3rd Rs. 50/-. Special prizes Rs. 50 each for ladies and students. A wrist watch of WEST END & CO., FREE to every correct solution posted on or before 15-9-34. Closing date 30-9-34.

HOW TO DO

Substitute for the dash a word taken from a sentence and complete the "RE" word. For example solution to No. (1) is "Refund."

- (1) RE—(1) A fund was started to help the redressed.
- (2) RE—(2) In spite of the proof produced by members he did not sign petition.
- (3) RE—(3) Late fee per cover is half anna.
- (4) RE—(4) The side view presents the beauty of the past.
- (5) RE—(5) The main object of this act is quite understood.

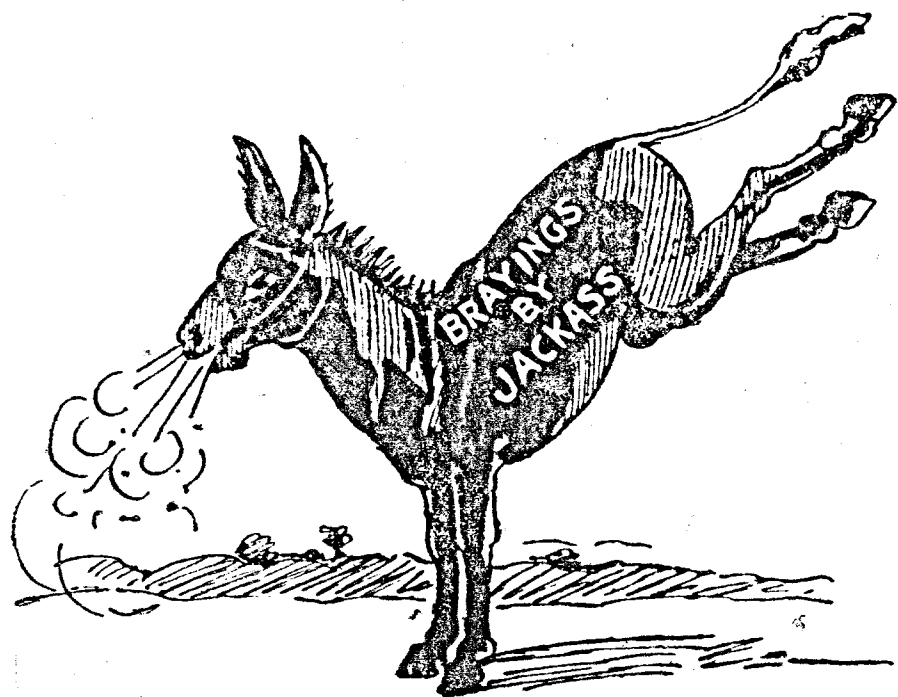
Entrance fee is Re. one per entry or any no. of entries for Rs. 4-8-0 only. For FREE CAMERA offer kindly apply. No charges are to be paid. Only the competitors should apply. Our other rules are as usual. Address Entries and Fees and M.O. to:—

J. P. MEWAR,
Manager,

STANDARD COMPETITIONS,

P. O. Kalavad, (KATHIAWAR.)

Free Camera Offer Waiting for Our
Competitors. Please Apply.



"Have you used the famous—Shaving Stick?" enquires an advertisement. Horror of horrors! Hitherto we had to endure the barbarity of these barbers accustomed to employ only razors for their purpose; but, now, what devilish cruelties might they not commit when they are armed with these sticks?

"I like to mother my husband," confides a brand-new bride. Who knows in what time a 'S' may creep in before her intended plan of action? We know many of her type who have fallen in the same error for all their fine promises.

"I dislike my work and am thoroughly unhappy in it. Though unmarried I daren't throw myself out," writes a friend. Unnecessary, my dear man, no need at all for worry. Your girl's father would see to that and perform the experiment with more agility as well as satisfaction.

"Do you run clubs?" asks a headline. No, certainly no; but, there are many who have run to clubs when they find a club flying after them with unfailing accuracy of aim, though thrown from a feminine source.

"A word to all good wives"—says a fashion note. Hum! a round-about way of saying 'a word to nobody.'

"Women have still to learn the law of 'give and take,'" screams a headline. But we may be assured that they are experts in the art of take and take—especially from their husbands' pockets.

Insist that your shoe repairer uses Puritan Soles—advises a business note. Impossible, sirs, impossible. Who would like to put on a footwear that refuses to keep on when we are trudging our way to the portals of a theatre or a well-known refreshment-saloon in the city?

"Is silk immoral?" asks Tit-Bits. Good heavens, no. But when your missus discovers that you have forgot to buy her the promised silk saree, then in troth, her tongue may manufacture immoral productions.

"Ends all bed time fears"—consoles a chemist's label on a medicine bottle. Good gracious! we must give the scent to the police. To encourage such a colossal crime! A compound that would send my Mrs. to the netherlands, would surely be effective in its application on my constitution. But I certainly don't like to die in the prime of manhood.

"I am being led to the altar for the fourth time next week,"—a friend tells me. You ought to know the way by now without being led.

"The ——— Drug Syndicate—we offer either sure relief or money back. Beware none others can offer this guarantee!"—extract from a medical journal. Good sirs, would you mind it if I send my dame to you by separate parcel-post with the earnest hope that your drug would not prove ineffective and thus relieve me of a great burden? May God bless you and your work.

Watch for our Grand Annual with Huge Prizes in the October issue of the 'Tatler.'
Concessions in Entrance Fee will be allowed there to all those who
take part in this simple competition.

WIN Rs. 200 Guaranteed

IN THIS SIMPLE 'ADDERS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 100.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 75.

Rs. 25 for the sender of largest number of entries.

(Sealed Key Solution Deposited with 'Tatler of India'.)

Last Posting date 27th September 1934]

[Results within a Week.

Entrance Fee : Only Annas FOUR Per Entry.

1	2
3	4
5	6
14	91

Here is a very simple and novel competition. In the accompanying diagram, you will find a sum of addition, with some places marked by a . The total to the problem is given at the bottom. All you have to do is to substitute one numerical figure in place of each dash, to arrive at the total. Simple, isn't it?

When you have solved the problem fully, enter the same on some plain paper, and send it on to us with an entrance fee of only annas four for each entry. You can send any number of entries at 4 annas each. Those sending single entries may send the Entrance Fee in quarter anna stamps. Others should send by M. O. only. Results of this competition will be published in the next issue of the Tatler. Manager's decision is final.

Address all your Entries & Fees to :—

The Manager, The Paramount Puzzles ('Adders'),

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Pitter Prattle

"I don't mind sweeping the floors or dusting the rooms. I don't mind cleaning the grates and cleaning the silver," said the henpecked husband; "but I'm not going to run the ribbons through my night-shirt just to fool the baby."

—S. K. Moorthy, Madura.

Wife: "The doctor said at once that I needed a stimulant. Then he asked to see my tongue."

Husband (alarmed): "Good Heavens! I do hope he didn't give you a stimulant for that!"

—M. Nathan, Madras.

He: "I have your permission to call this evening?"

She: "I shall be very pleased to see you, but don't forget that father insists on lights out at ten o'clock."

He: "That's very kind of him. I'll be there sharp at ten."

—S. K. Pani, Madura.

Mother: "Why are you so naughty lately, Billy?"

Billy: "I can't keep to the 'good as gold standard.' So I've gone off it."

—Devar, Bombay.

He was a shop assistant in the act of proposing.

"Remember," he said, "this is the last day of this astounding offer."

—L. Smith, Bombay.

The heavy drinker was having trouble with his eyes, and so he decided to see an oculist.

"Do I require stronger glasses?" he inquired.

"No," replied the oculist. "Fewer."

—Visvam, Poona.

"Is it true that kissing's unhealthy?"

"Don't know; I've never been....."

"Kissed?"

"No. Ill."

Lawyer: "You say that your wife has received a letter informing her of some misdeed in your past life. Perhaps the best thing would be to confess."

Client: "Yes, I would do so, but I don't know what to confess. She won't let me see the letter."

—Raman, Calcutta.

He: "Will you be free to-morrow evening?"
She: "I don't know whether I can get a divorce at such short notice, but I'll try."

—A. J. John, Egmore.

"I'm sorry, madam," said the official to the lady who had called for her passport, "but there has been a mistake. We have got your hair down as dark instead of fair."

"Oh, well, will you alter it, or shall I?" she replied.

—Thambi, Colombo.

He: "What made you choose lemon for your new dress?"

She: "Because I had such a job squeezing it out of you."

—Sekharan, Rangoon.

Actor: "And the audience, my boy, were glued to their seats."

Reval: "Ah! That was a neat way of keeping them there."

—Jonah, Agra.

"George loved a girl named Norah. A month ago he was calling her 'darling,' three weeks ago he was calling her 'dear,' and a fortnight ago he was calling her 'Norah'."

"What does he call her now?"

"Barbara."

—Anand, Calcutta.

With her body tense and her nerves taut with fear, she stood in pallid silence, holding her breath, while she stared at the white face before her. The sudden jerk of a hand almost made her scream. Now it was on a level with her eyes—a long, thin, tapering hand. It moved—slowly and relentlessly on.

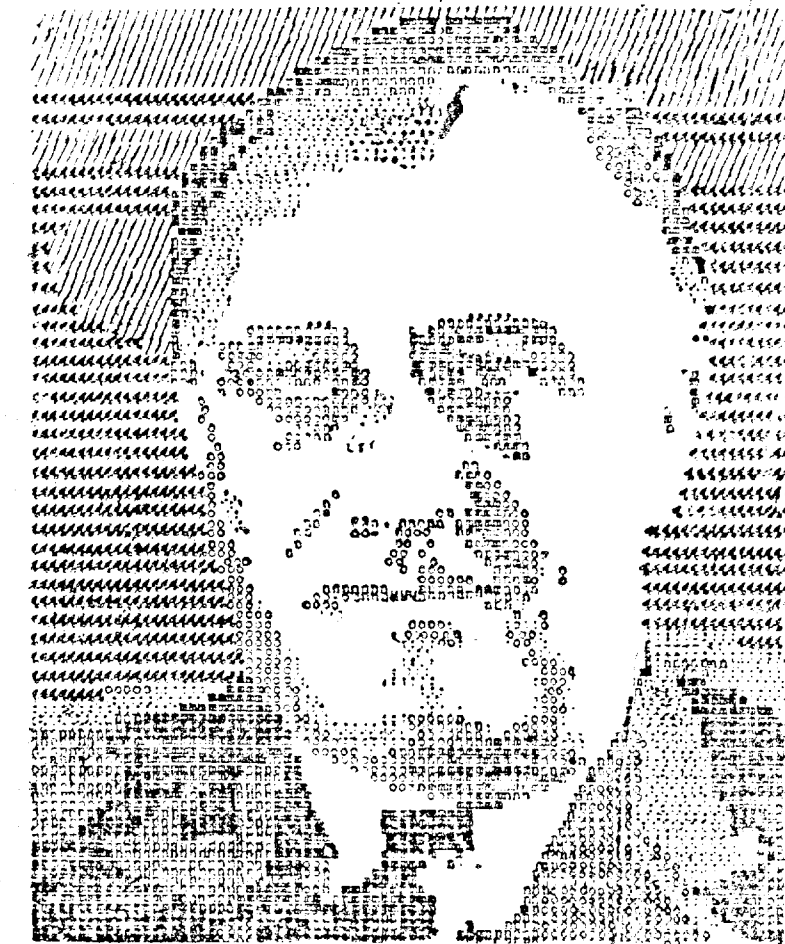
"Is this to be the end, after all that I have endured?" she moaned.

Suddenly it stopped.

An exclamation of surprise escaped her. "Only 8 stone 2 lbs. I shan't have to give up my mid-day strip of dry toast, after all."

—Arputham, Trichy.

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—By Courtesy Christian Science Monitor.



Amrutanjan

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

LADIES IN LIGHTER VEIN

Contractor: "Does the foreman know that the trench has fallen in?"
Navy: "We be diggin' him out to tell him."
—Miss Sundaram, Madras.

"Am I the first girl you have ever kissed?" she murmured as he planted a kiss on her lips.
He gazed at her closely. "Well, I really don't remember," he said, "but you may be—your face seems familiar."
—Miss Smith, Bombay.

Maid: "The master's locked up for the night, ma'am."
Mistress: "Oh! I didn't hear him come in."
Maid: "Easn't, ma'am. They've phoned up from the police station."
—Sreemathi Kamaladevi.

Kindly Visitor: "I'd like to see Convict 234 please, if he's in."
—Miss Bashyam, Madura.

"I hope your new cook is recovering from her illness."
"Yes, indeed. Yesterday she was able to sit up and give notice."
—Bashful, Banosa.

The man stood gazing at the wreck of his car.
"Ah, well," he said. "Turn and turn about is fair play."
"What do you mean?" said a passerby.
"Why," he replied, "it broke me first."
—Miss Indra Bai, Calcutta.

At a lecture for men the speaker stated that the average wife needed her husband's help in the home. "I always help my wife," said he. "When she mops up the floor, I mop the floor with her."
And he wondered why the audience laughed.
—Mrs. Kumaran, Calicut.

An old farmer was being told of all the scientific marvels of the age—of the submarine, the aeroplane, the wireless, etc.
"Well," he said, "I can kind o' understand 'em things, but what gets me proper is 'ow they get a marble into a lemonade bottle."
—Sreemathi Sita Devi, Madras.

Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?
—"Puzzled," Delhi.

A man was ordered to diet himself, and eat fish, which he detested.
Entering a restaurant and feeling blue he said to the waiter, "Any whale?"
"No, sir."
"Then any shark?"
"No, sir."
"Any sword fish?"
"No, sir."
"Then bring me a large steak and onions. Heaven knows I asked for fish."
—Kanthi Mathi, Colombo.

"Is kissing proper?"
"Let's put our heads together and consider it."
—Kamalavathi, Vizag.

Clerk: My wife told me to demand a rise from you.
Employer: "All right, I'll ask my wife if I can give it to you."
—Mrs. Raman, Madras.

Ruth: "Andre told me I was the eighth wonder of the world."
Esme: "What did you say?"
Ruth: "I told him not to let me catch him flirting with the other seven!"
—Sreemathi Janaki, Coimbatore.

"Then you won't marry me?"
"No, but I'll be a sister to you."
"I can suggest a better scheme than that. Let me call you mother."
Then he ran.
—"Catty," Karachi.

"Hello, Joe, doesn't your marriage to Betty come off soon?"
"No, it has been postponed for a couple of months."
"Why, what's the trouble?"
"She married another fellow."
—Miss Roberts, K. G. F.

WIN Rs. 250 GUARANTEED In Easy Missing Letters No. 6.

Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "Tatler."
Last Posting Date 15-9-34. No Extension.

1 PET - -	small	5 R - - AL	kingly
2 BL - -	a stain	6 SL - - -	slumber
3 - AME	reputation	7 - ATCH	to seize
4 P - LL	to blunder	8 FO - -	enemies

Ref.—Chambers Dictionary. Entry fee Re. 1 for 1st entry and As. 8 for each subsequent entry. Prize Rs. 150 for all correct and Rs. 100 for one error solutions. Other rules as usual. Address entries and M. O. to:

The Paragon Crosswords, 5, Beat, G. T. Madras.

Win Rs. 250 Guaranteed In Easy Missing Letters No. 45.

Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "Tatler."

Closing Date 17-9-34. No Extension.

1 H - - -	shelter	5 PIL - -	hairly
2 N - - E	that by which a	6 FA - -	waterfall
3 - AM -	person or thing is known	7 - EPRIVE	take away
4 PEE -	fame	8 RE - - - E	disown
	peep		

Ref.—Chamber's Dictionary including supplement at the end. Entry fee Re. 1 1st entry and as. 8 for each subsequent entry. Prize Rs. 150 for all correct and Rs. 100 for one error solutions. Other rules as usual. Address entries and M. O. to:

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Competition No. 2.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. JRAMI. | 4. ANORKMA. |
| 2. MDSARA. | 5. RASDMA. |
| 3. JIRMA. | 6. NKOAMAR. |
| | 7. ARAG. |

Arranging the above sets of irregular letters make seven towns of the sealed solution included in the following list.

Majri, Ramkona, Agra, Madras, Miraj, Arkonam, Agar, Ramdas, Markona, Rajim.

PRIZES:—Rs. 875 to 1st, 625 to 2nd 375 to 3rd grade winners. Rs. 10 extra for 1st entry relating to each grade and Rs. 45 to 1st, 30 to 2nd, 20 to 3rd largest number of entries.

ENTRANCE fee As. 8 by M. O. for every two entries on ordinary paper with self-addressed One Anna envelope for result. Enlistment is to be closed very shortly. One entry free to winners in next puzzle. Manager's decision will be final and legally binding on all points.

The Enigma Prize Company.

MALERKOTLA, (Pb.)

Send a Stamped Envelope for the result of the July Competition.

WIN Rs. 1,500!

1st Prize Rs. 1000. 2nd Prize Rs. 500.

SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

Closing Date 30th September.

- | | |
|------------|---|
| 1. M U T E | Complete the 5 Indian cities, and send them with As. 8 Per Entry by M. O. Sealed correct Solution is in the office of 'My Magazine' of India. |
| 2. K O A | |
| 3. D H U | |
| 4. U R I | |
| 5. P N A | |

Send stamped Envelope for result. The Prize amount will vary in proportion to 10,000 entries.

Address all Entries and M. Os. to:—

The Universal Competition Bureau,
DAKOR (Gujrat).

Rs. 250 GUARANTEED MUST BE WON

IN CHAMBERS MISSING LETTERS No. 43.

Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "Tatler."

Last Posting Date 15-9-34. No Extension.

1 - EY	governor	5 - - VERT	to reverse
2 - - HERE	to stick together	6 - OIL	labour
3 S - IP	to omit	7 H - R -	injury
4 HO - F	a hollow	8 - EAL	faithful

Ref.—Chamber's Dictionary. Entry fee Re. 1 for first entry and annas 8 for each subsequent entry payable by M. O. Prize Rs. 150 for all correct and Rs. 100 for one error solutions. Other rules as usual. A correct solution is one which agrees with the key deposited.

Manager, CHAMBERS COMPETITIONS,
No. 3, T. APPASAMI LANE, G. T., MADRAS.

Rs. 250 GUARANTEED MUST BE WON in Premier Missing Letter No. 11.

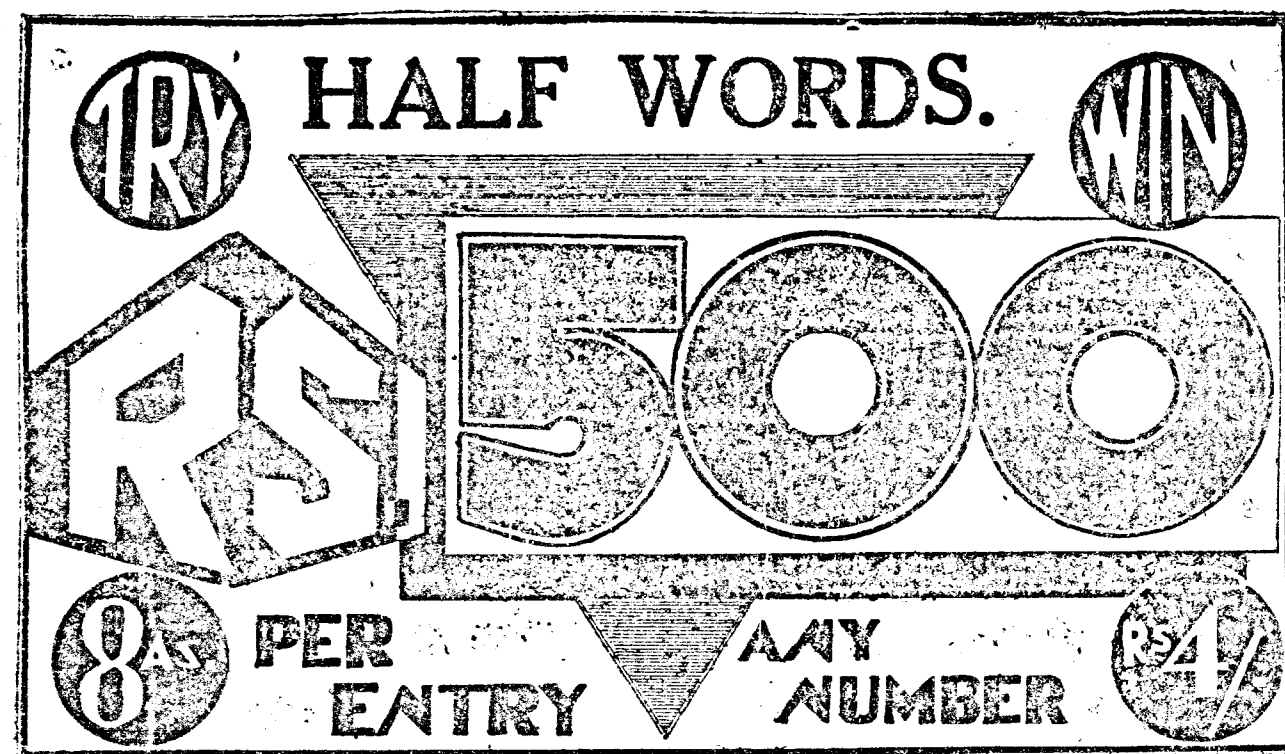
Sealed key solution deposited with "Tatler of India."

Last Posting Date 15-9-34. No Extension.

1 COR -	iron basket	5 SI - - -	alone
2 LA - -	slow	6 S - - -	duil
3 VI -	force	7 GA - D	ornament
4 HUL -	the body of a ship	8 PL - -	scheme

Ref. Chambers Dictionary. Entry fee Re. One for first entry and Annas 8 for each subsequent entry payable by M. O. Prize Rs. 150 for all correct and Rs. 100 for one error solutions. Other rules as usual. A correct solution is one which agrees with the key deposited.

Manager,
Premier Competitions, Beat 8, G. T. MADRAS. (P.)



HOW TO DO.

Below you will find a number of rows of letters from each of which one half is missing. You will have to find the other half with the help of the Clues given. When you have found the other half write your solution in full in the Special coupon entitled "Half Words" to be found in the last Advertisement Page together with the entrance fee of 8 as. per entry or the maximum fee of Rs. 4 for any number of entries to "Half Words," c/o Editor, Tatler of India, 41—43 Mukernallamuthu Street, Madras. The first example worked out below is self-explanatory.

- 1 **FEAT**
- 2 **CHIEF**
- 3 **DID**
- 4 **DAT**
- 5 **DEED**
- 6 **DOLL**

No.	Clues.	Solution.
1	Skill	FEAT
2	To chirp	
3	Immerse in water	
4	A Pest ...	
5	Look into	
6	Register	

(Use the Special Coupon for Entries)

RULES.

1. Every entry must be in the special coupon and in case coupons are not available value at 1½ As. per coupon may be sent in any shape.

2. Every entry must be accompanied by a fee of 8 as except when more than eight entries are sent when the maximum entry fee of Rs. 4 will suffice.

3. For a single maximum entrance fee only upto 32 entries may be sent.

4. The amount collected less 10 per cent will be distributed among the competitors, the shares for the various prizes being decided as per the discretion of the Editor.

5. Entries close on the 15th October and the correct solution will be published in the November issue.

6. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry.

7. Entries and remittances must be sent to "Half Words" c/o Editor, Tatler of India, 41-42 Mukernallamuthu Street, Madras.

8. Other rules as usual.

SKIN SUFFERERS.

Pimples (Acne) completely disappear after applying "Clearskin" Ointment. Price 3 Rupees—Laboratories, 493, Cowbridge Road, CARDIFF, Wales, ENGLAND.

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Rules and Conditions.

We are prepared to buy back July copies of the *Tatler* bearing these numbers at prices mentioned therein.

The copies must be intact and unsullied and must be addressed to the Editor with a covering letter under separate cover.

Copies either torn or mutilated will be treated as unfit for prizes.

Each copy bears only one number and in no case are numbers duplicated which please note.

Readers taking part in this scheme are supposed to do so on the express understanding that they would accept the decision of the editor as final and legally binding.

Claims made after the 20th September will be disqualified.

In case no claims are made the amounts will be forfeited by the management.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

"Prathapa Vigadan"

Most of my Tamil knowing readers must have come across this sprightly Tamil monthly. Owing to certain reasons the ownership of this paper has changed hands and you will be glad to know that I have purchased it. In future this monthly will be edited and published by me. The next issue will be out in the last week of this month. Because of this new acquisition publication of *Thuppukalanjiam* is postponed.

I take this opportunity to inform those whom it may concern that I am responsible only for assets and liabilities as far as agencies, subscribers and advertisers are concerned. For other assets and liabilities the previous proprietor Mr. A. N. Ramamurthi is responsible.

I will try to run the *Prathapa Vigadan* on the same lines as those followed by Mr. A. N. Ramamurthy and it will be my goal to keep up the high standard of efficiency maintained by him.

Owing to this change in proprietorship the subscribers to *Prathapa Vigadan* did not receive two numbers as none were published. But this will be made good by their period of subscription being extended by a couple months.

The size of the new *Prathapa Vigadan* will be changed into a bigger one and the price per copy will be decreased from two annas to an anna and half. The pages will be illustrated more profusely and it will be made more attractive, if possible.

I request one and all to extend their patronage to *Prathapa Vigadan* as well and to render any help they can to make it as popular as the *Tatler* and better still.

A Rising Actor.

It is seldom that I go to dramas and cinemas and it is still more seldom that I write about actors. But the other day I received an invitation to attend a performance and since I was bestowed with a complimentary ticket I went to the theatre. In spite of fact that it was the fortyfifth performance the hall was packed to the full. And after the play commenced in right earnest. I was not surprised that *Pathi Bakthi* had drawn in such a huge crowd. The actors were all boys—most of them only about a yard in height, except the hero and one or two other characters and their acting

was superb. The best of the lot was Master Radha. Son of a veteran playwright and actor, has in him the gift of a born actor. His actions were apt and realistic from beginning to end. If such actors are encouraged by Directors of films I am certain it will not be long before we take real pleasure in going to talkies and movies.

Patronise Our Organisers, Please!

I am glad to inform you that two young men—Messrs. P. R. Govindacharry, assistant manager, the *Tatler* and P. R. R. Charry, Organiser have left Madras for the north on an All-India tour, determined to make the *Tatler* popular in every place. The portrait of Mr. P. R. Govindacharry is published below for your guidance.



I have authorised both these young men to enroll subscribers, appoint agents wherever necessary, canvass subscribers and do anything that they may think necessary for bettering the *Tatler*. But any agreement they may enter into is subject to my confirmation. I request one and all whom they may approach to render any help that they can and make the tour of these young men a successful one.

Industries Reconstruction Fund

In these days when the attention of all India is turned towards villages and patriots are striving hard to revive rural industries, the scheme—Industries Reconstruction Fund—promoted by the Public Bank of India, Vellore, is a very timely one.

Theirs is really an ingenious and very captivating scheme. They have issued a certain number of bonus bonds each valued at a rupee. One person can buy any number of bonds at one rupee each. Of the total amount thus collected, a certain portion is set apart for being divided as prizes among the bond holders. Numbers are drawn and the lucky bond holders get the prizes. Even though every month such prizes are awarded, the management have set apart a big sum to be distributed as prizes when they had sold the

required quota of bonds—and in that draw the first prize goes up to five figures. But the scheme does not stop with that. These bonds are purchased back from you at One Rupee Four Annas per bond at the end of eight years. I am not good at mathematics, but I believe that in case you are not one of the lucky prize-winners your money is returned to you together with interest as per the rate allowed by banks.

It is not a bad scheme. In fact, according to an eminent actuary it is a very sound one and deserves to be encouraged by us. You invest only a rupee and your rupee entitles you to win one of the big prizes. And even in case you fail to get a prize the bond is redeemed with interest. And the money you spend in purchasing a bond is invested in encouraging rural industries. Rather novel and enticing, isn't it?

NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any Mss. sent to him. They should be original and as far as possible of light reading. They should be either typewritten or written legibly on one side of the paper only and should contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. All Mss. must contain stamps for return in case they are not found suitable. The editor wishes to inform his contributors that at present no payments are made for contributions. All Mss. must be addressed to the Editor, "The Tatler of India," 41/42, Muker Nallamuthu St., Madras.

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Our Advertisement Tariff will be sent on request.

"THE TATLER OF INDIA"

41/42 Muker Nallamuthu St., Madras.

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WIN Rs. 1000

Last Posting Date 25-9-34.

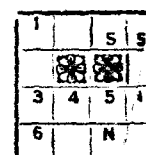
Key Solution Deposited with 'Health Chronicle.'

Result Posted to all Competitors.

"Missing Letters."

- | | |
|------------|-------------------------|
| 1. RO --- | ... to whisper |
| 2. M - N | ... Human being. |
| 3. STO - P | ... open platform.... |
| 4. SOL --- | ... coins. |
| 5. T - RO | ... one learning an art |
| 6. - OG | ... A soft ground. |
| 7. H --- | ... exclamation. |

CROSSWORD COMPETITION



Across: 1. Confusion 3. NEAR (jumbled) 6. To beget.

Down: 2. To Rinse 4. Vowels. 5. Prefix.

Rules—Ref. Chambers XX. For every competition an entrance fee of as. 8 for first entry. Any number of entries Rs. 4. Prize Rs. 250 for all correct and Rs. 150 for one error solutions. Rs. 50 for correct entries received before 25-9-34 and Rs. 50 for largest No. of entries received. Plain paper entries accepted. Other rules as usual. Address all entries and M.O's to—

The Manager:—Crossword Syndicate.
Tinnantr, M. S. M. Ry.

Rs. 1000 Guaranteed Must be Won

Rs. 750 for All correct. Rs. 250 for one error.

IN

"World News" EXACT—LINES

Last Posting Date 17-9-34

Results 24-9-34.

HOW TO DO.

No. 1. 'Bill Army Passed' as printed below is wrong—it should read "Army Bill Passed." The other 8 lines have also their words mixed up—and you have to put them in their Exact Line and correct order as illustrated above.

Conditions. Entries may be sent on Plain paper. An entrance fee of Re. 1 per entry must be sent by M. O. and the Postal Coupon, must be enclosed with the entries. Competitors, must keep a copy of their Solutions as claims will have to be made. The name and address with the number of Solutions sent must be written in block capitals on the envelope containing solutions and the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding. A Correct Solution is one which agrees letter for letter in the Key Solution deposited with My Magazine.

EXACT LINES.

1. Bill Army Passed.
2. Fresh feel and fit I.
4. Game the women play.
3. Parliament Letter our.
5. History of Indian Currency and Exchange of.
6. Bans Marriage Studio.
7. Asked JANE JIM.
8. Eat Live to We.
9. Met BOLES JOHN.

Address entries:—

Editor "World News"

41, (L) BROADWAY,

MADRAS.

Skill!

Hobby!!

Intelligence!!!

Here are fascinating prizes waiting to be won by a few strokes of the pen. Turn a pleasant holiday to good account and enter at once for the Gem competitions—the biggest prize may easily be yours.

The Gem Missing Letter Competition No: 1.

Rs. 500 Must be Won

First Prize Rs. 200

Second Prize Rs. 100

Rs. 150 divided amongst 2 & 3 error entries.

Special prizes Rs. 10 each to the 1st 5 correct solutions posted before 15-9-34.

Last of Posting 20-9-34,

Results on 1-10-34.

Scaled key solution deposited with "Tattler of India."

Place a letter for each dash to get the given meaning.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. TR --- LE | Three-fold. |
| 2. --- RI --- | Nice. |
| 3. C --- IT --- ION | A poll-tax. |
| 4. --- LE | A valley. |
| 5. V --- R --- IN | A species of insects. |
| 6. --- O --- ATO | A plant. |
| 7. --- E --- R | An animal. |
| 8. --- AR --- OC --- | A wizard. |

Entry fee for each competition:—Annas eight for the 1st two entries and annas four for each subsequent entry sent in one cover by one person.

Rules:—Entries may be sent on ordinary paper clearly and legibly written with signature and address of the sender. Prizes will vary as entries permit, with a guarantee of 75% net entry fees given away as prizes. In case of ties prizes will be distributed. A correct solution is that which agrees with the scaled key solution. The decision of the competitions conductor is final and legally binding. Entry papers should be sent with money order receipts attached. Results published in the Tattler of India & My Magazine of India.

Address all entries and money orders to:—

The Manager,

The Gem Competitions,

4, Haines Road,

Cleveland Town, BANGALORE

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VERY FEW ALTERNATIVES.

WIN Rs. 150 GUARANTEED

First Prize: Rs. 150 Second Prize: Rs. 50
Easy to solve! Easier to Win!!

Last Posting Date: 25th Sept. '34.
The Egeria Missing Letters No. 3.
(Sealed key solution deposited with TATLER)
Substitute one letter for each dash to get the meanings.

WORDS	MEANINGS
1. — MEND	To improve.
2. CAR —	Anxiety.
3. — IGAMY	A second marriage.
4. REN —	Split.
5. CENT —	Middle.
6. SOL —	Alone.

Rules:—Ref. Chambers Dictionary. Entrance fee only Annas FOUR per Entry, in 1 Anna stamps. Remittances of 8 Annas and above by M. O. only. Any number of entries may be submitted at 4 annas per Entry. Other Rules as usual.

Results in next issue of Tatler. Address all Entries and Fees:—

The Manageress,

THE EGERIA COMPETITIONS,
Washermanpet, MADRAS.

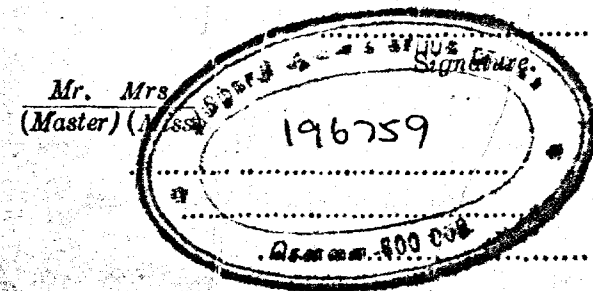
THE TATLER
'HALF-WORDS'

(Closing Date 5-10-1934)

SOLUTIONS

1. FEAT 4. m21, n33T1
2. 5. n34, 2. 2
3. 6.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor which I consider as legally binding on me.



"ADD-UPS"

Valueless After 25-9-1934.

No. of Mistakes.....

Name.....

Address.....

TATLER'S

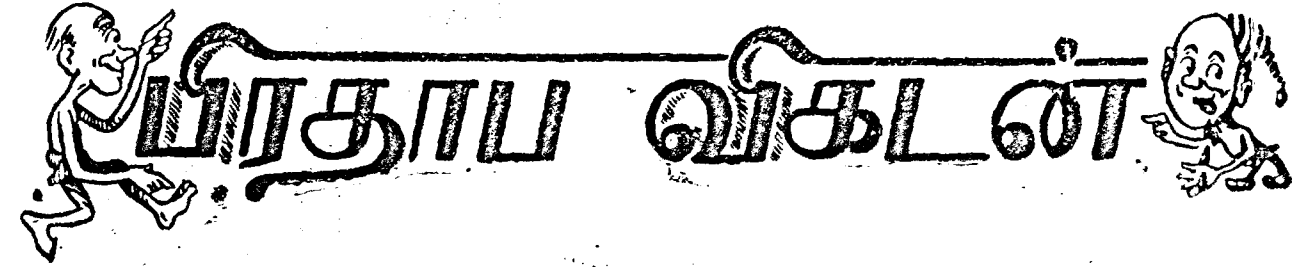
FOUNTAIN PEN
GIFT Coupon.

TATLER'S

PORTRAIT

Coupon No. 2.

Useless after 30-9-34.



இணையற்ற ஹாஸ்ய மாத சஞ்சிகை.

ஆசிரியர்: ராமஜெயங்கார், B.A.

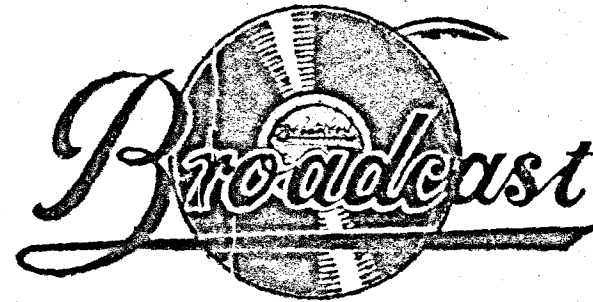
அறிவிப்பு.

இந்த மாத சஞ்சிகையை ஸ்ரீமான் ராமமூர்த்தி எமக்கு விற்பனையாக விற்பனை செய்தார். ஆகையால் இரண்டு மாதமாக இதனை வெளியிடுவது சாத்திய மில்லாமற் போயிற்று. இப்பத்திரிகை இனி அக்ஷோபர் முதல்தேதியினின்றும் மீண்டும் வெளிவரும். ஏஜண்டுகள், சந்தாதர், விளம்பரஸ்தர் இம்மூவருக்குமட்டும் இந்த விக்கிரயப் பத்திரப்படி யாம் ஜவாப்தாரியே பொழிய, மற்றவர்களுக்கு யாம் கடமைப் படவில்லை யென்பதை இதன்மூலம் தெரிவித்துக் கொள்கிறோம். மீண்டும் இப்பத்திரிகைக்குத் தங்கள் ஆதரவை யளிக்கும்படி வாசகர்களை வேண்டுகிறோம்.—பத்திராதிபர்.

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